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**LEO FRANK FORCIBLY TAKEN
FROM PRISON;**

**HE IS HANGED TO A TREE NEAR
MARIETTA;**

**HIS BODY HAS BEEN BROUGHT
TO ATLANTA**

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**PEOPLE THRONG
TO**

**SCENE WHERE
BODY**

DANGLES FROM ROPE

**After Urging the
Crowd Not to**

**Indulge in Further
Demon-**

**strations, Judge
Morris Hur-**

**ries Frank's Body
to Atlanta**

Leo M. Frank's dead body, which is now in the hands of an Atlanta Undertaker, was found hanging by the neck from the limb

of a tree two miles east of Marietta at an early hour Tuesday indicated that Frank was alive until hanged by the mob that took him from the State Prison Farm at Milledgeville Monday night.

At the instance of Newt A. Morris, former Judge of the Blue Ridge Circuit, and a prominent Marietta Citizen, the body was cut down and hauled to Marietta in an Undertaker's Wagon soon after the crowd began to gather around it.

At the outskirts of Marietta, just in front of the National Cemetery, Judge Morris overtook the Undertaker's Wagon in an Automobile, lifted the body in the long basket from the Wagon to the Automobile, and sped with it to Atlanta at top speed.

BODY BROUGHT TO ATLANTA.

At the outskirts of Atlanta, the body was met by an Atlanta Undertaker in an Automobile ambulance and was again transferred and rushed at top speed to a place which was not disclosed.

About 7 o'Clock Tuesday morning, W. J. Frey, a former Sheriff of Cobb County, who lives two and one-half miles East of Marietta on the Roswell Road, saw four Automobiles pass along the road in front of his house. They were going like the wind. In the second or third Car, he recalls seeing a man of Frank's description, wedged between two men in the back seat of the Car.

Half an hour later, Mr. Frey drove into Marietta, and there, learned that Frank's body had been found hanging onto a tree, in a grove two miles east of Marietta, near the road along which he had driven into town.

BODY IS DISCOVERED.

In Company with Gus Benson, a Marietta Citizen, and W. W. Yaun, a travelling man from Augusta, Ga., Mr. Frey drove back

along the road, and found the body in a grove of young trees on land owned by himself, and within a stone's throw of his gin-house. A number of people had already arrived ahead of them and were viewing the body. The news of the discovery spread like wild fire, and soon the road was full of people coming from both Directions.

It appears from the facts known and stated by Mr. Frey that Frank was hanged between 7 o'Clock and 7:30 o'Clock Tuesday morning. That Mr. Frey did not see the body when he drove by, on his way to Marietta, shows that the men who hanged Frank had done their work and gone, and further shows that the body had not yet been discovered. From the road, the body was screened by the leaves of the trees, so that it would not have been noticed unless a passerby had been looking for it.

CROWDS THROG TO SCENE.

A horrible sight met the eyes of the people who were first to arrive at the grove, and a still more horrible sight met the eyes of the later arrivals, who found not only the body swaying in the wind, with the gaping red wound in the throat, but surging around it a closely packing mass of men whose excitement was something fearful.

A grass Rope, brown in color, about half an inch in diameter, was thrown over the limb of an oak tree, near the trunk of the tree. One end of this Rope was around the neck of Leo M. Frank, tied in a Hangman's knot, and the other end was tied to the base of a sapling some twenty feet away.

HANDKERCHIEF COVERS FACE.

Frank hung with the top of the head near the limb of the oak tree, his feet about four feet above the ground. A white handkerchief was over his face and the corners knotted at the

back of his head. The Hangman's knot lay against his right jaw. The wound in his throat, where William Creen attempted to kill him at the State Farm a few weeks ago, was pulled open, underneath his left ear. The Rope was above the wound underneath his left ear, but toward the front of his throat, where the wound ranged upward, the Rope lay in the wound.

Frank's body from the waist up was clothed in a thin, White Pajama Jacket. Worked in the Jacket on the left side of the chest were some letters in red thread, that looked like "L.M.F." The sleeves of the pajama were chipped away by souvenir hunters, wielding their Pocket-Knives, until both sleeves were gone as far up as the elbows.

HANDCUFFS BIND WRISTS.

The arms of the dead man, thus exposed, hung straight and stiff, with the wrists handcuffed in front, and the arms and hands and fingers were blue, while the left thumb showed the healing cut where Frank defended himself from Creen's Knife Attack at the State Farm.

The body from the waist down was wrapped in a dirty piece of brown cloth that looked like khaki. It was stretched across the front like a skirt drawn tight, and tied together by the Corners behind, somewhat toward the left hip. The edges of the cloth, just barely meeting on the left side, would flap open in the wind as the body swayed back and forth, exposing the leg of the dead man from the knee down, blue and stiff like the arm.

Around the ankles was tied a piece of grass Rope, about the same size of the Rope Frank was hanged with, and this Rope was cut from around the ankles by souvenir hunters soon after crowd gathered.

WOMEN AND CHILDREN SWELL THE THRONG.

The crowd gathered with the rapidity that only intense curiosity and intense excitement can produce. They swarmed the Road from both Directions. They seemed to rise up out of the ground, so fast they came. The Automobiles came careening, recklessly disregarding life and limb of occupants. Horse-drawn vehicles came at a gallop. Pedestrians came running.

The vehicles stopped in the Road at the Grove and soon packed the

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LEO FRANK HANGED TO TREE; HIS BODY BROUGHT TO ATLANTA

(Continued from Page One.)

Road and overflowed into the fields. As the vehicles would stop, their Occupants would jump out and run to the Grove, bending forward, panting, wild-eyed.

Women came. Children came. Even babes in arms. The sight of the body, swaying in the wind, with the red gaping wound in the throat, made some of the women sick, and they would utter little shrieks and groans and turn their heads away. Other women walked up to the packed mass of men and pushed their way into the pack, and looked on the dead body without the quiver of an eyelash.

FRENZIED MAN SHAKES FISTS AT BODY.

Excitement began to manifest itself as soon as the crowd began to gather, and as the crowd increased the excitement increased.

One of the first arrivals was a man in a wild frenzy of passion. He was bareheaded, coatless, his eyes blazing like the eyes of a maniac. He ran through the crowd, ran up to the body, threw up his hands and clenched his fists and shook them at the body. Then his hands would open and his fingers would writhe, and his fists would close, again, and he would shake them at the body.

"Now we've got you!" he screamed. "You won't murder any more little innocent girls! We've got you now!! We've got you now!!!"

His voice would rise to a shrill high note, and then it would drop off and become hoarse, and he would chant his words in a kind of sing-song, repeating one imprecation over and over.

And every once in a while, when he paused, some man in the crowd would give a yell, and the crowd would join in the yell, and it would grow and get higher and higher, and the sound of it would fill the little Grove and echo back and forth.

These demonstrations seemed to fan the fury of the man by the body. His gesticulations became more violent, his raving words came faster and faster from his mouth, pouring out of him like a torrent.

“They won’t put any Monument over you!” he cried. “They are not going to get you! They are not going to get a piece of you as big as a cigar!!”

The crowd yelled and packed closer.

JUDGE MORRIS PLEADS.

At this juncture, a short, thick-set man, with blue eyes gleaming, ran up to the Crowd, jostled his way through the crowd, and pushed up to a place beside the man who was cursing the body. He climbed up on something so that he could see over the Heads of the Crowd. “Men, hear me,” he said.

It was Newt A. Morris, former Judge of the Blue Ridge Circuit, who had just arrived in an Automobile from Marietta with Attorney John Wood, of Canton. They were attending Alpharetta Court, heard the news early Tuesday morning, and came at top speed to the Scene.

“Hear me, men,” said Judge Morris. The crowd got quiet, except for a mumbling in an undertone by the man beside the body.

“Citizens of Cobb County, listen to me, will you?” said Judge Morris. They gave a murmur of assent.

“Who ever did this thing—”

The man beside the body broke in with a shout.

“God bless him, whoever he was!” shouted the man.

Judge Morris laid his hand on the man's shoulder and asked him please to be quiet for a few minutes.

"Whoever did this thing," said Judge Morris, "did a thorough job."

The crowd whooped.

"They 'shore' did," chorused the crowd.

"LEFT NOTHING MORE TO DO."

"Whoever did this thing," said Judge Morris, "left nothing more for us to do. Little Mary Phagan is vindicated. Her foul murder is avenged. Now I ask you, I appeal to you, as Citizens of Cobb County, in the good name of our County, not to do more. I appeal to you to let the Undertaker take it."

The man by the body broke in again.

"We are not going to let the Undertaker have it!" he shrieked. "We are not going to let them erect a Monument over that thing! We are not going to let them have a piece of it as big as a Cigar! We are going to burn it! That's what we are going to do! We are going to burn it! Come on, boys! Let's burn the dirty thing!"

CROWD VOTES ON QUESTION.

Judge Morris raised his voice.

"Men, I appeal to you," he shouted. "Don't do anything to this body. Let the Undertaker have it. This man has a father and a mother, and whatever we think of him, they're entitled to have the body of their son. Men, men, I appeal to you for the good name of our County. Let all who favor giving this body over to the Undertaker say 'aye.'"

There was a Chorus of "ayes."

"Now let all who oppose it say 'No,'" said Judge Morris.

The man beside the body, at the top of his voice, yelled "no!"

"Let all who favor giving this body to the Undertaker raise their hands," said Judge Morris.

The hands of the crowd went up.

"Let all who oppose it give the same sign," said Judge Morris.

The hand of the man beside the body was raised aloft, trembling with excitement.

BODY IS CUT DOWN.

Judge Morris got down and ran back through the crowd and began to call for an Undertaker. While he was calling, somebody laid a Knife on the Rope and Frank's body dropped to the ground with a thud, and the crowd packed around it in a solid mass, with the excited man standing at the head.

A Negro ran up to Judge Morris. "Here I am, Judge," he said. "Here's the Wagon."

Judge Morris gave Orders, and the Negro and another Negro opened the back end of the Wagon and pulled out a long Undertaker's Basket and started with it toward the body.

"Bring the body on, men," shouted Judge Morris. "Bring it on. Quick, for God's sake!"

But none of them would pick it up, and Judge Morris, beckoning to the Negroes, wedged in and worked his way toward the body, until the Negroes finally got hold of it and started toward the Undertaker's Wagon.

HEEL CRUNCHES INTO FLESH.

The man who had voted "No," reached out and struck at the body, and the Negroes dropped it, and when it hit the ground the man stamped upon the face, and ground his heel into the dead flesh, and stamped again, and again, until the crowd, stricken silent and motionless by the horror of the sight, could hear the man's heel as it made a crunching sound.

Again and again, as a man grinds the head of a snake under his heel, did the man in the awful frenzy drive his heel into the face of Leo M. Frank, grinding the black hair of the dead body into the black dirt and dead black leaves.

"Stop him! For God's sake, stop him!" cried Judge Morris, and ran up to the man and begged him to stop.

And while the Judge begged and pleaded with him, the Negroes at an Order from the Undertaker, seized the body again and ran with it to the Basket, and seized the Basket and ran with the body in the Wagon, snapped down the door, and leaped to the seat and drove towards Marietta with the big horse running on a dead run.

Judge Morris and Attorney Wood broke and ran for their Automobile, and got in and started after the Undertaker's Wagon. Several Cars, quicker than they, got ahead of them, but these they soon passed, with the crowd swarming along the Road in the dust raised by the Undertaker's Wagon.

At the entrance of the National Cemetery, just inside the town of Marietta, Judge Morris caught up with the Undertaker's Wagon, got out of his Car and ordered one of the Negroes to take his place, and then climbed up himself to the Driver's seat of the Undertaker's Wagon, got out of his Car and ordered one of the Negroes to take his place, and then climbed up himself to the

Driver's seat of the Undertaker's Wagon. Riding for a few blocks, with Attorney Wood driving the Automobile ahead, the Judge seized the first favorable opportunity and jerked the long Basket out of the Undertaker's Wagon and laid it across the back seat of Attorney Wood's Car. Then, jumping in beside the Attorney, Judge Morris said, "Now, John, drive like hell to Atlanta."

WILDEST OF RIDES BEGINS.

Thus, the body was taken from the crowd, and thus began the Automobile ride to Atlanta the like of which had never been seen before.

Opening wide his throttle, Attorney Wood poured into his motor everything it would hold.

By his side, with drawn face and gleaming eyes, Judge Morris strained forward, peering through the dust, waving his arms and shouting for Automobiles to make way.

Crosswise of the tonneau, the end of it projecting a foot or more on each side of the Car, jostled and swayed the Undertaker's long Basket with the dead body inside.

On the Running Board of the Car stood another man, hanging to the Car with one hand, holding the Undertaker's Basket with the other.

Down the Road toward Atlanta sped the Car, and up the Road toward Marietta sped Automobiles loaded with men going like mad to see the body.

The Car with the body gave the Cars with the Sightseers just Room enough for the end of the Basket to miss a collision, and the Cars with the Sightseers gave equally as little Room for the Car with the dead man.

RACE WITH DEATH CAR.

Low over the road hung an endless roll of dust, and through this dust the three men in the Death Car would dimly see Cars coming one after another, a procession of them, all speeding like Racers; and the Death Car would swerve a little to the right to pass them, which made the Basket jostle and sway and rattle; while the Sightseers flashing past, would wave their hands and shout hoarse shouts, their wild eyes gleaming for an instant as they raced northward to Marietta to see the body hanging in the Grove.

A Smyrna the Death Car slowed down, and the man on the Running Board jumped off and ran into a Telephone Booth and notified Greenberg & Bond, the Undertakers, to meet the Death Car with their Automobile Ambulance, which they did at the corner of Ashby and Marietta Streets.

In mad haste the Basket was shoved into the Undertaker's Funeral Car, and driven with all speed into the City, while down the Road behind it came a racing procession of Automobiles from Marietta, and up the Road toward Marietta went a racing procession of Sightseers, never suspecting that one by one they were whizzing past the object of their curiosity.

SWARM TO FUNERAL PARLOR.

Crowds of people sought the Chapel of Greenberg & Bond, thinking the body had been driven there, but when they arrived, they found it wide open to inspection, but no body was there.

Edward Bond, junior member of the Firm, informed them that the body had been taken elsewhere, and declined to disclose its whereabouts.

CORONER'S JURY MEET.

Meanwhile Coroner John A. Booth, of Cobb County impaneled a Jury at Marietta, at 12 o'Clock in the undertaking establishment of J.W. Black, for the purpose of investigating the lynching. After two witnesses had been examined the Jury took a recess until next Tuesday morning at 10 o'Clock. These were Clarence Kirby, a Grocer of Marietta, and Deputy Sheriff George Hicks, of Cobb County, who swore they had positively identified the body hanging in the Grove as that of Leo M. Frank.

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JUDGE NEWTON A. MORRIS, of Marietta, addressing the crowd assembled in Frey's Grove, where Frank was lynched, urging them against any mutilation of the body, which was about to be cut down, after having swung suspended from an Oak Tree. The crowd voted to sustain the Appeal of Judge Morris, and the body was removed from the Grove, and transferred to an Undertaker's Wagon.

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Frank's Last

Letter to
His
Chief
Attorney

L. Z. Rosser Makes
Public Let-

ter Written by Prisoner July 1 and His Own Reply

L. Z. Rosser, who was leading Counsel for Leo M. Frank in his Court Fight, had no Statement to make Tuesday in Reference to the lynching of Frank, but said he desired to make public the last letter received by him from Frank and his own reply to that letter. The letters speak for themselves. They follow:

State Farm,

Milledgeville, Ga., July 1,

1915.

Hon. L. Z. Rosser, Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Mr. Rosser: You will, I know, pardon my not having written to you sooner. Letters which I had written to others of Counsel were meant for you to share.

At this writing, my health is much better, my cold having nearly left me. I am sleeping fine and my appetite is good.

The Warden and his Staff are very kind and solicitous.

Will you please send me J. M. Slaton's present Mail Address. I would like to write to him. I would also like to have the present address of Colonel M. J. Yoemans.

I have been given some “chores” in and about the Prison Building, commensurate with my present physical condition. I go to bed at 8:30 p.m. and arise, at about 4 a.m. My work consumes about 5-7 hours a day. Of course, I must be ready to do any other work besides the routine work, on call. Even at that, I have several hours a day for reading, writing or any reasonable form of Exercise and Diversion. The sunshine and atmosphere are great. I have plenty of Opportunity to view plant life and my field for observation in the Crimino-Psychological field is practically limitless.

Still “Stripes” and the environment of a Penal Institution, while interesting in their way, pall upon the vision of an innocent man. Physically, I am a part of it, spiritually, I am totally foreign. Yet, as the old saw has it, “ad astra per aspera,” it cannot last for always, even though for the present I am designated as a “lifter.”

I want to assure you how deep is my respect for you as a man and Attorney, I am not in this predicament because of anything you did or did not do. My misfortune is the result of “System” coupled with ignorance and chicanery.

Won’t you kindly remember me to all inquiring friends and with every good wish, I am,

Cordially yours,

(copy)
FRANK

LEO M.

P.S.—My dear mother delivered your message to me.
“Sapienti sat.”

Mr. Rosser’s reply follows:

Atlanta, Ga., July 3, 1915

Mr. Leo M. Frank, care State Farm,
Milledgeville, Ga.

Dear Mr. Frank:

I have received your letter of recent date. I have been intending to write you for quite a while but the excitement here in Atlanta since your Commutation has prevented me. Prior to your Commutation, I had meant often to visit you, but your situation so distressed me and so oppressed me with my lack of power to help you, that I could not summon the courage to visit you as often as I would have liked.

You know that I have given you the best work of my life; it did you no good, but I hardly think it was my fault. I do not believe that anyone could really have aided you. The merest tyro could have convicted you and the ablest lawyer in the South could have done you no good,—this not be-

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FRANK'S LAST LETTER

TO CHIEF ATTORNEY; MR. ROSSER'S REPLY

cause you were guilty, for I believe in your innocence as profoundly as I believe in anything. During the months past, you never lied to me once, and never uttered to me an unworthy sentiment.

I know that it is not needful for me to do so, but I urge upon you patience and resignation in your present situation. I profoundly believe that no external circumstances can make a man unhappy if he is clean within. Clean within, as I believe you to be, there is no reason why you should not be happy even on the Prison Farm. Buoyed by a sense of innocence, you can be happy as long as you know that you are innocent.

You do not need, for me to urge upon you, to enter upon your present life cheerfully, willingly and obediently. I know that you will abide by every Rule of the Institution and that you will so conduct yourself that the Officers and inmates of the Institution will be your friends; and that you will be helpful to the inmates, who so much need help and sympathy.

The present animosity against you cannot last always. The people of this State are, for the most part, high-minded and generous people. They have been misled by the many false accusations made against you, and they now hate you because they do not know the truth. The truth will, in the end, be vindicated and the people of this State will finally, in my profound conviction, come to see the true light and their animosity and prejudices against you will disappear. For the coming of that day, you must wait patiently, and with prudence and courage. God grant that the brighter day herein predicted may come speedily, but if it lingers long your courage must never fail and your gentleness and kindness must never wane. Fate may be such that you will never be vindicated, but fate cannot destroy you unless you are willing to be destroyed.

Very sincerely yours,

L. Z. ROSSER.

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**PRISON OFFICERS
TELL**

GRAPHIC STORIES OF SEIZURE OF FRANK

(Special Dispatch to The Journal.)

MILLEDGEVILLE, Ga., Aug. 17.—“I was called to the door just as I was preparing to retire,” said Captain J. M. Burke, Superintendent of the State Prison Farm at 6 o’Clock Tuesday morning, “and following my usual custom I walked out. When I passed the threshold two strong men grabbed me and in an instant snapped handcuffs on my wrists. Four others stood guard over me, two with shotguns and two with heavy pistols.

“I remonstrated and they declared it was no use for me to squirt as they had come for Leo Frank and were going to get him. I told them that Frank was not at my house and they said they knew that, but they were going to take me where they knew Frank was quartered.”

“I was marched up to the Penitentiary Building by a Guard, which was redoubled as we proceeded. When we reached the Building, a demand was made for the Gate to be opened and one

of the men began cutting the wires and informed me the Prisoner would be killed as soon as an entrance was effected."

FRANK SEIZED.

"The Gate was unlocked and Night Guard S. Hester came forward, but he was immediately covered and ordered to throw up his hands. Half way up the steps, I was halted while half a dozen men rushed by me and made a dash for Frank's Room. One of the Prisoners who witnessed this scene declared that four men seized Frank by his arms and legs, while a fifth grabbed him by the hair and he was dragged out of the Hospital Rooms and bumped down the Stone Steps. With me looking on, Frank never uttered a word, but apparently, he was suffering intensely and groaned, as from pain inflicted in handling him in his wounded condition."

"The crowd informed me that they did not intend to harm anybody except Leo Frank and told me not to have any fear. The affair was completed within the space of five minutes, it seemed to me, and almost before we realized the enormity of the Occurrence it was a written chapter.

WOULDN'T REMOVE HANDCUFFS.

"During the entire performance I was handcuffed and under Guard. When the crowd brought Frank down and started off, I asked the fellow who had snapped the handcuffs to unlock them, but he laughed sardonically and stated that if I would accompany them that they would take off the irons. I retorted by saying, 'Damned if I'd go anywhere with them.'"

"The whole procedure was timed as a well ordered and methodical proposition and only a few words were spoken, it evidently being agreed for a leader to do the talking. Only two of the men were masked, but I did not recognize any of them. Then

in less time than it takes to tell it, they were off and I could see the lights flashing as they went over the Hill towards Meriwether, the Road that leads Atlanta-ward."

THE WARDEN'S STORY.

Warden James E. Smith, of the State Penitentiary System, described the attack as a very carefully planned Affair.

He said: "I was spending the night at my home adjacent to the Main Building, as I usually do under normal conditions. I had just gone in when I was called from the front. I inquired who it was, and then some name was given in a conciliatory tone which I did not understand, but as my name was called familiarly I went to the door with a lantern in one hand and my other hand on my pistol."

"When I opened the door half a dozen men confronted me with Pistols and Guns thrust into my face. They commanded me to throw up my hands, and there was nothing else to do. At this Juncture, my wife rushed up and fell swooning in my arms and the men ordered me to come on and go to the camp."

"My wife interposed and they told her they were my friends and her friends and for her not to be afraid, but she kept clinging to me. Then one of the men told them to go on, but he reconsidered and said one or two more of them had better remain with me. They kept me covered for probably five or six minutes, then took my Pistol, jumped into an Auto Passing by and were gone. The Affair was consummated so quickly, it is hard to say how it was carried out and I am completely at my wits' end in the matter."

Commissioners at Prison

When Mob Seized Frank

(Special Dispatch to The Journal.)

MILLEDGEVILLE, Ga., Aug. 17.—The entire board of the State Prison Commission happened to be at the Penitentiary here Monday night when Leo M. Frank was taken from the building. The board, consisting of R. E. Davison, Chairman; E. L. Rainey and E. Patterson, had arrived late Monday afternoon to begin preliminary work on the improvements planned for the Penitentiary. This morning, all three of them spoke in most regrettable terms over the occurrence they witnessed in part.

They were spending the night at the Residence of Superintendent J. M. Burke and had just gone into their Rooms when the alarm was sounded that a mob had come for Frank. Chairman Davison was first informed and he hurriedly imparted his information to Commissioners Rainey and Patterson and they made hasty effort to get on the scene, not fearing any personal violence, but before they could get to the Prison Grounds the mob was beginning to move off.

Chairman Davison said early today that he was unable to give out an Official Statement of the matter, but that later in the

day of the Commission would issue a Statement. He declared that the Affair was so quietly carried out until no one hardly realized that any trouble was at hand. Commissioner Rainey voiced the same sentiments and Judge T. E. Patterson, the Opinion that it was one of the most disastrous Occurrences that has been wrought in Georgia's History for many, many years.

Instead of pursuing their plans as originally planned and spending a few days in Milledgeville, Commissioners Rainey and Patterson left on an early train for Atlanta, Chairman Davison will remain on the grounds and supervise the local situation.

Frank's Parents Learn Of His Death by Mob

(By Associated Press.)

NEW YORK, Aug. 17.—When Rudolph Frank and his wife, parents of Leo M. Frank, learned definitely today that their son had been hanged near Marietta, Ga., they drew the shades at all windows of their home in Brooklyn and refused to answer the door bell or telephones.

Neighbors said the Frank family had begun an eight-day period of mourning which was customary under the Jewish Religion.

Early callers at the Frank home were met by Otto Stern, Frank's Brother-In-Law.

He said Mr. Frank and his wife were asleep and had not been told of the kidnapping of their son.

Stern said he learned of the matter through the newspapers. Within two hours, the family had received word that Frank's body had been found.

Governor Slaton Shocked

By News of Lynching

(Special Dispatch to The Journal.)

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Aug. 17.—Former Governor John M. Slaton, of Georgia, who commuted the Sentence of Leo Frank, is here visiting the exposition and was informed this morning that Frank had been lynched.

The Governor plainly showed that the news was a great shock to him. He expressed unqualified condemnation of the deed, declaring that it is contrary to all the Civilization of Georgia and will never meet with the approval of her people.

Mrs. Frank Goes to Relatives in Athens

(Special Dispatch to *The Journal*.)

MILLEDGEVILLE, Ga., Aug. 17.—Mrs. Leo M. Frank, preparing to go her uncle's home in Athens when informed of the lynching of her husband, was undoubtedly prepared for the worst news. She announced that she had nothing to say in the way of a Public Statement.

History of Frank Case Told in Brief Form

Leo M. Frank was found guilty of the murder of Mary Phagan on August 25, 1913. He was the Superintendent of the National Pencil Company in Atlanta, in the basement of which the girl's body was found by a Night Watchman on the morning of April 27, previous.

Repeated attempts were made in the State Courts to obtain a new trial for Frank, but without avail. Attempts to obtain a Writ of Habeas Corpus in the Federal District Court at Atlanta and finally in the Supreme Court of the United States were futile.

On the night of June 21, this year, two days before the Date Set for the Prisoner's Execution, he was removed from the County Jail in Atlanta and rushed to the State Prison Farm upon Orders from Governor Slaton, now retired. The next day the Governor announced that he had granted the Petition made in Frank's behalf asking that his Death Sentence be commuted to life imprisonment.

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GOVERNOR IS NOTIFIED

OF FRANK LYNCHING

Secretary Notifies Authorities

to Apprehend Members of the Mob

Shortly after 10 o'Clock Tuesday morning, Mayor E. P. Dobbs, of Marietta and State Senator from the Thirty-fifth District, notified the Governor's Office by long distance that Frank's body had been positively identified about two miles East of Marietta on the Roswell Road. This was the first Official Notification of the State of the finding of the body.

F. R. Jones, Private Secretary to Governor Harris, then made an attempt to reach Sheriff Hicks, of Cobb County, by Phone, but was unsuccessful, as the latter had left for the scene of the lynching. Mr. Jones immediately got in communication with Mayor Dobbs again and asked him to notify the Sheriff that the Executive Offices expected him to make every effort to locate and apprehend the members of the mob.

At noon Secretary Jones telegraphed Sheriff Hicks to the same effect.

After waiting from 1:30 o'Clock until 6:45 o'Clock Tuesday morning, during which time he received no Official Notification of the taking of Leo M. Frank from the Prison Farm, and after vainly trying to obtain additional information from Sheriffs of Counties around Milledgeville, Governor Nat E. Harris left Atlanta at 7:30 on the A. B. & A., for Fitzgerald, where he has an engagement to speak at the Confederate Veterans' Reunion.

Raymond Stapleton, Executive Secretary to the Governor, said that the Governor decided to leave for Fitzgerald only after concluding that there was nothing he could do by remaining in Atlanta, in the light of information then received. Mr. Stapleton said that arrangements had been made to call the Governor back from Fitzgerald if occasion demanded.

Governor Harris' Statement, when first informed of the Affair, was:

"I am both shocked and aggrieved, and in common with all good people of Georgia who stand for Law and Order, I feel that a great wrong has been done, and that our State will not look with approval on such an act."

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HOW MOB

CARRIED

OUT ITS ATTACK ON

PRISON BUILDINGS

MILLEDGEVILLE, Ga., Aug. 17.—With vigilance probably somewhat relaxed because of the illness of Leo M. Frank, occasioned by the wound inflicted by William Creen just exactly one month ago, the Officials of the State Prison Farm, together with the entire state Prison Commission, were compelled to watch a mob variously estimated at from twenty-five to seventy-five men, take the State's most noted Prisoner from the State Penitentiary and lead him off to become the victim of lynch Law.

Monday night, shortly after 10 o'Clock, a well-organized mob invaded the premises of the State Prison and despite Official Reports of preparedness, pandemonium reigned Supreme when Captain J. M. Burke, Superintendent of the State Farm and Warden James E. Smith, of the State Penitentiary, were corralled by the mob, handcuffed, and Captain Burke was marched at their forefront while they proceeded to the Prison, demanding admission. Hesitancy on the part of Night Guard Hester resulted in a preliminary attack on the barbed-wire fence, accompanied by an Order to Captain Burke to have the Gates opened.

When Warden Smith was called from his Room, he faced five guns, and he was immediately handcuffed. His wife rushed on the scene and fell fainting into his arms, pleading with the men to leave her husband unharmed, and they assured her they were his friends, and he would not be hurt. She entreated them not to take him away, and three men were left guarding him while the others

joined the throng at the Penitentiary Building, two hundred yards away. When Captain Burke, who was the first to experience the violence of the mob, was handcuffed, an old Trusty Negro who worked about the house rushed up to advise Chairman R. E. Davidson and Commissioners T. E. Paterson and E. L. Rainey that a crowd had come and handcuffed Superintendent Burke and that they said they were going to get Leo Frank. Hurrying to the scene, the Commissioners were just in time to see them disappear in the Direction of Eatonton, apparently headed for Atlanta.

Almost all wire leading into Milledgeville from the farm were cut, and it was some time before a messenger was dispatched to Milledgeville to notify Captain J. H. Ennis, of the local Military Company, and Sheriff S. L. Terry. With all possible speed the Officials got in touch with the situation and in a short time, Guards from the State Prison and other Officers were on track on the mob.

REFUSED TO GO WITH MOB.

When Superintendent Burke was brought back out of the Main Prison Building, a Section of which was occupied by Leo Frank, he asked that the handcuffs be removed from his wrists. One of the mob stated that if he would accompany them, they would remove them. The only approach to profanity used was when Captain Burke responded: "Damned if I go anywhere with you."

The crowd was wholly under the Command of a Leader, who did what little talking was done. Consternation among the Prisoners in the trust ward followed the entrance of the crowd, but the leader admonished them to remain quiet; that all they wanted was Leo Frank, and they were going to have him. Entering the Room he has occupied for the last month, five men seize him by arms and legs, while another caught him by the hair. A Prisoner

watching the Proceedings stated that in this manner, they dragged him from the building and down the Stone Steps. Thrusting him into the Front Auto. This accomplished, a couple of men brought up a Rope and flourished it in the convict's face. Throwing it down beside Frank, he was shoved down into the bottom of the Auto and the Procession then started on its journey to the unknown end.

FRANK DID NOT SPEAK.

Throughout the Ordeal, according to Prisoners who gazed on the scene, Frank did not utter a word and only a groan escaped his lips.

Frank's wife, who has been with him constantly since the attack on his life, was in Milledgeville and shortly after the occurrence, she was informed of what had happened. She had evidently steeled herself to prepare for the worst, but despite her strongest efforts she was overwhelmed.

The Prison Commission arrived here late Monday afternoon to begin work on the permanent improvements provided for by the State Legislature recently, and it was in this way they happened to be witnesses to the first attack ever made on the State Penitentiary here.

The news was not generally known in Milledgeville until morning, and consequently there was but little excitement here. With the approach of morning, scores of people began scouring the country, but at 6:30 o'Clock no further details of the occurrence had been secured officially or otherwise.

WORKED WITH PRECISION.

The mob was orderly, but worked with quick precision. Eight Automobiles took the men to within a short distance of the Prison.

First, all wires from the Prison and all except one from Milledgeville were cut.

Five men went to the house of J. E. Smith, Warden, covered him with pistols, and stood guard over him. Other men went to the house of J.M. Burke, Superintendent of the Prison, and held him under cover of their guns.

Practically every other member of the mob then rushed to the Stockade Gate nearest to the Dormitory where Frank was housed. Only yesterday did the physicians discharge him from the Hospital where he had been since being murderously assaulted in the Dormitory.

J. H. Satterfield, Bookkeeper at the Farm, was awakened by some of the Negro convicts after the men had left with Frank. As soon as he learned what had happened, he hastened to Milledgeville and notified Representative Ennis.

The mob apparently planned their work well, for they carried it through without a hitch. Between Milledgeville and the State Farm and between Milledgeville and Macon, they cut the Telephone Wires and it was fully an hour or more after they had secured their man and hastened on their way before the news came out.

As far as could be learned at an early hour this morning, none of the members of the mob was recognized. All of them are said to have worn masks and all were heavily armed.

Not a shot was fired, and no one was injured as far as could be learned.

One persistent Report that a crowd was coming from Marietta resulted in the local Company of Militia being held in readiness to Guard the Prison.

Such Reports had not been heard in the past few weeks, and fewer precautions were taken. Last night only the usual number of Guards were at the Dormitory.

GOING TO MARIETTA?

A Prisoner who was sleeping in the Dormitory is responsible for the Statement that the leader said the mob intended to take Frank to Marietta and that this morning his body would be found on the Grave of Mary Phagan, for whose murder, the noted Prisoner was serving a life sentence.

As on the night Frank was attacked, only two guards were on duty. The mob quickly overpowered Chief Night Guard Hester and the other man on duty. The mob quickly overpowered Chief Night Guard Hester and the other man on duty, proceeded to the Dormitory and within a few minutes seized Frank and rushed him back to the Automobiles.

Those who had been holding Smith and Burke left as soon as Frank was brought out and joined their fellows. The Automobiles—reported to number eight—then were started in the Direction of Eatonton, more had been heard of them hour after they left.

No person could be found here last night who knew from which Direction the mob came. This would hardly have been the Case at any time for the first few weeks after Frank was taken to the State Prison Farm, rumors of plans to take Frank out of the Prison were almost of Daily Occurrence, and not only were Roads protected, but a large force of Guards were kept on duty at the Prison.

MARIETTA OFFICIALS

DIDN'T KNOW OF MOB

So Declares Mayor E. P.
Dobbs

in Telegram to
The
Journal

MARIETTA, Ga., Aug. 17.—In your article today purporting to come from Marietta concerning the lynching of Leo M. Frank, you intimate that the Marietta and Cobb County Officials knew that several Automobiles had left Marietta last night on this mission.

I desire in the interest of Justice and Truth to say that the Marietta and County Officials had no knowledge of any Automobiles leaving Marietta well loaded last night nor were they apprized of the return of any machines today.

None of the Officials had any intimation of such an undertaking, until the body was found about two miles from the City this morning.

E. P. DOBBS, Mayor.

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Leo Frank Expressed Hope of Vindication in Letter July 4

(By Associated Press.)

CHICAGO, Aug. 17.—A letter written by Leo M. Frank to Maurice Klein, a deputy United States marshal here, was made public today. It was dated July 4, 1915, at the Office of Warden Smith in the Milledgeville Prison, and said:

“I have your kind letter and appreciate so much your sentiment and thoughts of me. Governor Slaton’s act was indeed

courageous and wise. Just how sagacious the near future, I hope will more than amply demonstrate.”

“I am now gradually adjusting myself to the new environment. My health is much better. I expect to improve both physically and mentally. The Warden and his Staff are both kind and Solicitous. After a breathing space, we will again take up the fight which will eventuate in vindication and liberty.

“With every good wish, I am cordially yours,

LEO M. FRANK.”
